

THE  
MAN'S THE MASTER;

A  
COMEDY.

[Price One Shilling.]

1608/2561



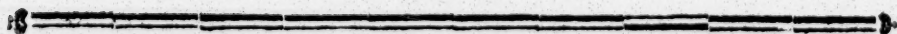
E R R A T U M.

P. 4. line last, and page 5, line first, dele the crotchets.



THE  
MAN'S THE MASTER;  
A  
COMEDY,  
IN FIVE ACTS,  
AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY  
Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. EVANS, in the *Strand*, near *York-Buildings*.

MDCCLXXV.



## CHARACTERS.

|                |                                           |                |
|----------------|-------------------------------------------|----------------|
| DON FERDINAND, | Father to <i>Isabella</i> ,               | Mr. DUNSTALL.  |
| DON JOHN,      | Suitor to <i>Isabella</i> ,               | Mr. LEWIS.     |
| DON LEWIS,     | His Rival,                                | Mr. WROUGHTON. |
| SANCHO,        | { Steward to Don }<br><i>Ferdinand</i> ,  | Mr. QUICK.     |
| JODELET,       | { Servant to Don }<br><i>John</i> ,       | Mr. WOODWARD.  |
| STEPHANO,      | { Servant to Don }<br><i>Lewis</i> ,      | Mr. LEE LEWES. |
| ISABELLA,      | { Daughter to Don }<br><i>Ferdinand</i> , | Miss LEESON.   |
| LUCILLA,       | Sister to Don <i>John</i> ,               | Mrs. BULKLEY.  |
| BETTRIS,       | <i>Isabella's</i> Maid,                   | Mrs. MATTOCKS. |
| LAURA,         | <i>Lucilla's</i> Maid,                    | Mrs. BOOTH.    |

The Scene MADRID;

And in one House.



T H E

# MAN's the MASTER.

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A C T I.

*A Street, with a Portico.*

*Enter Lucilla, and Laura with a dark lanthorn.*

*Lu.* **Y**OU have serv'd me but two days, and you are weary already.

*Lau.* Pray add the nights to the days ; for I have not slept since I came into your service.

*Lu.* Love has ordain'd us for these journies ; and will, I hope, bring us at last where we may rest.

*Lau.* Yes, to the last inn of travellers ; lovers never rest quietly till they lodge at the sign of the grave.

*Lu.* Prithee be patient, Laura.

*Lau.* If I had been waiting-woman to Will of the Wisp, I could have not have wandered with so much uncertainty as when I follow a mistress led about by love.

*Lu.* But, Laura, I follow you now.

*Lau.* You may with ease enough when I'm so tir'd that I can go no farther ; this is the pretty foot belonging to a leg, which, though I say it, was fit to lead a dance in Hymen's hall.

*Lu.* And does it limp now, and grow weary of the errands of two days ?

B

*Lau.*



*Lau.* You have little reason to blame that leg which has been so nimble in your service ; but the other will follow it no further. Methinks it has got a shackle instead of a garter. *[She limps a little.]*

*Enter Sancho with a dark lanthorn.*

*Lu.* Take heed, Laura ; I see light.

*Lau.* Why, what would you see, darkness ? Are not your eyes made for the light ?

*Lu.* 'Tis a man ; he seems to seek somebody with a lanthorn.

*Lau.* He seeks me here by appointment.

*Lu.* I'll retire to this portico.

*Lau.* Do, whilst I accost him.

*Lu.* What is he ?

*Lau.* 'Tis Sancho, Don Ferdinando's steward ; he was my sworn brother over a posset : he is by the length of his beard and the warmth of his constitution, a very goat.

*Lu.* For Heaven's sake, lose no time.

*Lau.* You need not fear his loss of time ; I use to call him my brother Brevity ; he is so thrifty of his speech, that his tongue does seldom allow his thoughts above two words to express them.

*San.* Laura !

*Lau.* Are not you my brother Sancho ?

*San.* I am.

*Lau.* Have you contrived a way to conceal my lady in your master's house ?

*San.* Yes.

*Lau.* Can you admit her now ?

*San.* No.

*Lau.* May it be to-morrow ?

*San.* It may.

*Lau.* I'll attend you in the morning.

*San.* Do.

*Lau.* Pray name the hour.

*San.* Nine.



*Lau.*

*Lau.* My mistress is very sensible of your care, and would know if I may have leave to give you this gold?

*San.* You may.

*Lau.* I hope you hate not me, nor the present?

*San.* Neither.

*Lau.* Are we both acceptable?

*San.* Both. *[He looks on the gold.]*

*Lau.* 'Tis very gold; and Signior Sancho you shall find me to be as true metal as it.

*San.* I'll try. *[Offers to kiss her.]*

*Lau.* Not so soon, good Signior Sancho, bring me to the wedding-night, and then try if, like gold I can endure the touch.

*San.* Hump!

*Lau.* Lovers may pretend to have true metal, but marriage is the touch-stone——

*San.* Of fools. *[Aside.]*

*Lau.* Hands off, good Signior Sancho. You want sleep; good night; pray let me go.—

*San.* Passe.— *[Exit Sancho.]*

*Lau.* Come, madam, we may hasten home, nine is the appointed hour when you shall have admittance.

*Lu.* After I have sought opportunity, I am afraid to find it.

*Lau.* Madam, I do not yet understand your intrigues of love. You are afraid to find the opportunity you seek, and I, poor wretch, seek more opportunities than I fear I shall find.

*Lu.* Heaven help thee! thou dost want a great deal of sorrow to make thee a little wife. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Don John and Jodelet.*

*Jod.* Sir, by your favour, you are either mad, or the devil is malicious to bring you to Madrid, at so unseasonable an hour, after riding post, or rather flying, without meat or drink, as empty as wild hawks, and as uncertain of your quarry.



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D. *John*. I confess thou may'st be tired all over, all but thy tongue, and that can never be weary. The street where we are now, is that which I have fought.

*Jod*. What will you do here, go see Don Ferdinand when 'tis past midnight?

D. *John*. Yes, and this very night I'll visit Isabella.

*Jod*. 'Tis ill to have an empty stomach, but worse to have an empty head.

D. *John*. Jodelet, I know you are hungry, but hunger makes you fitter for watching: I'll not stir out of this street till I see my mistress.

*Jod*. Remember 'tis past one, a season when Don Ferdinand's gates are always shut: we have rode this morning from Burgos. I know no kind of lovers but owls would have chosen the night for a journey.

D. *John*. To love nothing but sleep and eating is to be a beast in the habit of a serving-man.

*Jod*. How I hate raillery.

D. *John*. And I eating and sleep, in comparison of this picture of Isabella.

*Jod*. You are one of those who are filled with wild-fire at sight of a cold picture; and if master painter has luckily drawn a snout of ivory and a mouth of coral, which perhaps does inclose an ill tongue and worse teeth, then he makes you mad for a mistress. Will a picture reveal whether her crooked body be armed with a coat of mail, or whether she be some skeleton whose beauties lie at night upon her dressing-cloth? you'll not be much pitied if men find you ill provided of a woman, since you'll be gulled with one before you have seen her.

D. *John*. Thou art as froward, at this time of the night, as a waked child.

*Jod*. Wou'd any man keep patience about him when he must run in the dark from street to street, and grope out his way like a blind man without his Dog? Or stand so long under a balcony, [*lifting him-  
self*]



*self upon one leg to stare higher about him]* till he shift his feet as often as a stork.

D. *John*. Jodelet !

*Jodelet*. Don John !

D. *John*. My picture was rarely drawn ; and sure it could not chuse but please my mistress !

*Jod*. I know the contrary.

D. *John*. What say'st thou ?

*Jod*. I tell you it has rather displeased her.

D. *John*. How the devil can'st thou know that ?

*Jod*. Alas, I know it too well !

D. *John*. Hah ! tell me how !

*Jod*. Good Sir, have patience ! Instead of your picture she received mine.

D. *John*. Traitor, 'tis well thou dost not use to speak truth, or else I should search for thy life in every atom of thy vile carcase.

*Jod*. You may, Sir, and begin at my throat : but in piercing my body, I pray spare my doublet, for I made it new at Burgos.

D. *John*. Pox of your raillery, tell me what thou hast done. *[Draws his sword.*

*Jod*. Sir, put your anger up first.

D. *John*. I never had so much cause to let it out. But speak, and let not fear fright truth from thee.

*Jod*. Sir, when we left Flanders——

D. *John*. Well proceed.

*Jod*. You having your brother killed, and a sister carried away by stealth, not knowing where, nor how, wherefore, nor by whom, you rode so fast that you left all your judgment a great way behind you.

D. *John*. To what purpose, villain, dost thou open these two wounds ? Proceed apace to thy picture.

*Jod*. Sir, I go as fast as I can . We were but newly returned to Castile, when Don Ferdinand de Rochas, proposed his daughter to you in marriage : her picture was made a present to you, and the offer of twenty thousand crowns in portion, and then you,  
to

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to enchant her with your own picture as much as you were charmed by her's, made haste to send her it : and so, as the proverb says, put an old cat to an old rat. It was a lover's stratagem, and villanously subtle. But Heaven, not always a friend to lovers, ordained a success in spite of expectation.

D. *John*. Art thou about the history of the world, and wilt thou not finish it till the world ends ?

*Jod*. Yes, Sir, but I must refresh my memory, for it is almost weary.

D. *John*. I would thy tongue were so too.

*Jod*. You remember that your painter, in thankfulness for the great reward you gave him, wou'd after he had drawn your picture, take a little pains about mine.

D. *John*. I know that : but proceed.

*Jod*. Then you likewise know it cost me nothing ; well, that Fleming's a brave man. None of your Jan Van Lievens, nor your Elshameas, nor your Brauwens, nor your Joos Van Wingens ever drew like him. Then give him but a rummer, over a pickled herring, and he will drink so kindly, as if he had the heart of a whale.

D. *John*. Wilt thou never conclude ? Hast thou sold, burnt, eat, or drank my picture ? Have I it yet, or was it sent to Isabella ? Speak and be quick !

*Jod*. Nay, Sir, since you love unwelcome brevity, know when I was to send away the last packet, I would, being a little curious, compare the workmanship of my picture with yours. I set them opposite to one another, turning my eyes often from this to that, and being called for in haste by the post-boy, I put my little picture in the packet instead of yours.

D. *John*. How, yours instead of mine ?

*Jod*. Sir, your picture had the happy laziness to stay here ; but mine was destined to ride post with the devil to your mistress.

D. *John*.



D. *John*. Canst thou live, or I either, after I have heard this ;

*Jod*. Good Sir, make use of patience as I did. Time, which wears out sorrows as well as joys, has since the unhappy accident given me a few quiet nights, and I have ceased to grieve, for fear of being sick.

D. *John*. Dog ! What will she say of thy horn-face and of thy badger's nose ?

*Jod*. Alas, Sir, she will not think you very handsome, I mean in my picture ; but if we were both our own painters we should not want beauty.

*Enter Stephano*.

D. *John*. Peace, there comes one who perhaps knows Don Ferdinand's house ; go, ask him.

*Jod*. But, Sir—

D. *John*. Well, speak low.

*Jod*. Perhaps he will expect a reward if he tells us. In Madrid you must hold out your money if you do but ask what is o'clock.

D. *John*. Unlucky rogue, would he would cudgel thee.

*Jod*. He has not leisure to do it ; he seems in haste.

*Steph*. Who goes there ?

*Jod*. Not to displease you, Sir, where dwells Don Ferdinand ?

*Steph*. This is his house.

*Jod*. Are we in the right already ? For this bout my master has reason ; the father-in-law is found, and the son-in-law elect has nothing to do but knock.

*Steph*. I begin to find myself a fool for having shewed them where my master is secretly entered, and whence I expect he will presently come forth ; I must find some expedient.

*Jod*. Does he dwell here ?

*Steph*. Yes, but he is sick, and does not love noise. Where are you ?

*Jod*. We, Sir, are night-walkers ; or rather men  
of



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of Norway, a northern country, where he is cursed who does not sleep continually; for my part I never sleep: and that's my master, Sir, the greatest waker in the world.

*Steph.* Or rather the greatest robber. He shall give me satisfaction for what he lately took from me; I know him well enough, and you were with him.

*Jod.* You are very cholerick, and I think somewhat mad. If I were so too, you would have little safety but in flying. Sir, as sober as I am, I can scarce keep my hand from my hilt. Sir, Sir! advance a little; I begin to go soft, and were it not dark, I should appear somewhat pale too. [*To Don John.*

*D. John.* Approach, Sir, come on towards me; I'll make you civil. [*To Stephano.*

*Steph.* How! Don of the dark! Are you so brisk? But I shall take the pains to drive you a mile hence: for though you are two, wou'd I were rid of them! if you dare follow me as fast as I'll lead the way, you shall come to a better place for fighting. [*Exit.*

*D. John.* Say you so, Sir? I'll follow you; stay! I hear a noise: it seems to be above us.

[*Don Lewis descends from the Balcony.*

*D. Lewis.* Stephano!

*D. John.* Sure that is his man whom he calls: he who gets away before us.

*D. Lewis.* Either I am much cozened, or I am watched: but the noise of a quarrel will fright Isabella. In care of her I must neglect my honour. I'll be gone, since it must be so. [*Exit.*

*D. John.* Stay, or thou art dead. Stay but one thrust. [*To Jod.*

*Jod.* My master has metal, but I am no touchstone to try it on.

*D. John.* Give me thy name, or I'll take thy life.

*Jod.* I am Don Jodelet of Segovia.

*D. John.* Three curses on thee, and a thousand on him that leapt from the balcony! What's become of him?

*Jod.*

*Jod.* He flew through the dark like lightning, and I, like a furious fool, followed him like thunder, till the invisible rogue threaded a lane as narrow as a needle's eye. But, by your leave, master ; Is it the custom of Madrid to escape thus out of a window ?

*D. John.* Did'st thou perfectly discern him ?

*Jod.* Yes.

*D. John.* I am amazed.

*Jod.* And I, if it were possible, am quite confounded.

*D. John.* I must not here take up a quarrel at the first bound.

*Jod.* Methinks your mind is a little troubled.

*D. John.* It is ; and I have much cause : but let's consult upon it.

*Jod.* That's well said ; I never found myself so much inclined to reasoning, and, if you please, let's consult soundly.

*D. John.* I was born at Burgos, left poor, but of a long race, exempted, even as far as myself, from all disgraces.

*Jod.* Very well.

*D. John.* At my return from the war to Burgos, I found myself attacked with two different evils. I had a brother murdered, and was robbed of a sister ; though she was bred with all the cares of honour : and this, with my natural disposition, makes me exceeding cholerick.

*Jod.* That's ill, very ill, exceeding ill.

*D. John.* Don Ferdinand chose me for a husband to Isabella ; and she has received thy picture instead of mine.

*Jod.* That's not very ill.

*D. John.* We treated of this business in secret ; and I took horse for Madrid, where I now arrive late at night.

*Jod.* That's a little ill.

*D. John.* Without seeking out a lodging, my love leads me directly hither.



*Jod.* That's a little too soon.

*D. John.* I met before Don Ferdinand's house a serving-man who thrusts me, by design, upon an Almain-quarrel.

*Jod.* That's very true ; but somewhat unwillingly, like a coward as he is.

*D. John.* Perhaps it was for fear of scandal ; for he did not approach us like a coward.

*Jod.* How did the unlucky thief come then ?

*D. John.* He came on like the lover of Isabella.

*Jod.* That's very ill. Let's fall to reasoning again.

*D. John.* Ah ! no more reasoning, when reason grows superfluous ; but pri'thee mark the counsel which love suggests to me. My hope lies in thee. To-morrow, my dear Jodelet, thou must pass for my master, and I for thy man. Thy picture is to work miracles. What ail'st thou ? Why dost thou shake thy ears ?

*Jod.* These kind of disguises smell too much of the cudgel. I'd rather proceed to reasoning again. For what will the world say ? Don John is grown the man, and Jodelet the master ; and by ill fortune too, perhaps, at last, your mistress may love me, and I her.

*D. John.* Fear not that ; for then the mischief will be mine : but I, being Jodelet, may get acquainted with my rival's man. I'll be a lover from the kitchen to the garret, and my presents shall open the locks of every bosom ; whilst thou shalt shine in gold chains like the king of Peru, without having any share of my sorrows.

*Jod.* I begin to like the invention.

*D. John.* Thou shalt be feasted and crammed at Don Ferdinand's, whilst I am choaked with my jealousies.

*Jod.* But may I not (to represent Don John the better) give your shoulders now and then a taste of the cudgel ?

*D. John.* Yes, when we are alone, without witnesses.

*Jod.*



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*Jod.* Well, vermicelli shall my pallate please,  
 Serv'd in with bisques, ragous, and intermets.  
 If thou dost fetch me girls, and watch, and trudge  
                     well,  
 Thou shalt have food; if not, thou shalt have cud-  
                     gel. [*Exeunt.*

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A C T II.

*Enter Isabella and Bettris.*

*Ifab.* **B**ETTRIS, make up your packet, without  
 thinking to reconcile me by long tattle;  
 I'll have no more of you.

*Bett.* Truly, Madam, I'm ignorant of the cause of  
 your anger.

*Ifab.* You know it not?

*Bett.* If I do, may I never be haunted again by  
 men of honour.

*Ifab.* 'Tis no matter, I dismiss you.

*Bett.* Well, my conscience is clear. If I have ever  
 failed to serve you, may I ever be baulked when I  
 wish to be pleased. But let flatterers go fine, while  
 truth must be shut out of doors and walk naked.

*Ifab.* Yes, dame Bettris, you are innocent: you  
 have not opened my balcony to night, nor have walk-  
 ed bare-footed to make less noise!

*Bett.* Alas! Is that it? I left your laced linen  
 drying on a line, and went into the garden for fear  
 somebody should steal it.

*Ifab.* Yes, and you discoursed with my linen. My  
 ears deceived me, I did not hear you talk.

*Bett.* Perhaps I was at prayers.

*Ifab.* What, so loud?

*Bett.* Yes, that Heaven might hear me.

*Ifab.* And it was no man, but my linen, that leapt down from my balcony.

*Bett.* Pray do not believe it.

*Ifab.* I saw it, Bettris.

*Bett.* Ah, my dear mistress, it is true : but Don Lewis—

*Ifab.* O Heaven, how that name hurts me ! Was it Don Lewis ?

*Bett.* Yes, Madam, your fair cousin.

*Ifab.* My fair cousin ! Thou black wretch ! For what design had he admittance ?

*Bett.* If it is a great sin to be charitable, you have cause to be angry. But if you will but hear me speak—

*Ifab.* You may speak long enough before I believe you.

*Bett.* It was last night when that delicate Don Lewis came to see you, and because it rained I let him into the hall ; and much against my will, for I am tender of scandal : but the poor man being impatient went up ; and presently after I heard your father, Don Ferdinand, spit aloud, for he always coughs when he spits, and will be heard far enough : I'll warrant his lungs as sound as any man's in Madrid.

*Ifab.* Well, proceed to the ill purpose.

*Bett.* At this noise Don Lewis saved himself in your balcony, which he found half open, and I locked him in till you arrived with the old man, with whom you discoursed too long, and made Don Lewis impatient again.

*Ifab.* Troth we were very uncivil to him.

*Bett.* I stayed till you were a-bed ; and then, being in my nature always inclined to charitable deeds, I went to free him from his imprisonment.

*Ifab.*



*Ifab.* Good foul!

*Bett.* He said he must needs speak with you one moment, but I warrant you, I was sharp enough; and told him plainly that your curtains were drawn.

*Ifab.* That was severe indeed.

*Bett.* I saw tears fall from his eyes, and at the same time felt a few pistoles drop into my hand. He conjured me with such sweet words; my angel! my dear Bettris! and then put on my finger this diamond ring, which did so vex me, that I was ready to fly in his face.

*Ifab.* That had been too cruel.

*Bett.* Nay, not but that his sufferings wrought me again into pity; for truly I cannot hate the man: but in your interest I know nobody—

*Ifab.* I thank you, good Mrs. Bettris.

*Bett.* But when he saw I was so much in earnest that my face was all fire—

*Ifab.* He saw the flushing of your anger though it were dark; but indeed all kind of fire is most visible at night.

*Bett.* True, Madam; then he leapt from the balcony into the street, where I heard them cry, Kill, Kill! and this is the notable cause of your putting me away.

*Ifab.* Well, you'll forgive me, if I must needs be to blame.

*Bett.* I built my happiness upon your marriage. But if my zeal to serve you were known to Don John, who they say is come to town, I should hope for as ill success as I have now.

*Ifab.* How! Don John too! The man I fear and most abhor. After my rage against Don Lewis, do you think to assuage me with the mention of Don John? Fair you well, maid of honour, let me see you no more.

[*Exit.*

*Bett.* Let the devil take Don Lewis, who is the cause of this.

*Enter*



*Enter Don Ferdinand at the other door.*

*Ferd.* What's the matter, Bettris, are you weeping?

*Bett.* Your daughter, Sir, has dismissed me from her service, and for nothing, Sir, but for wishing her favourable opinion of Don John, because he deserves it, and you desire it.

*D. Ferd.* That's a small cause for your dismissal; but I'll endeavour to reconcile you. Bid your mistress come hither. [*Exit Bettris.*] They have often little quarrels; sometimes for a curl disordered, or a black patch misplaced; and more often they differ in expounding of dreams; but this is no time for expulsion of servants. If Don John d'Alverad come, who is expected to night, I'll throw away my staff, which is my third leg, and with my other two lead them a dance.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Ifab.* Sir, you are perhaps, contriving my marriage with Don John; but I hope you will ordain me a death less cruel.

*D. Ferd.* Minion, you are for some unexperienced gallant, that never travelled but to observe the newest fashions; who spends the morning in tiring good men with the repetition of bad verses, and in the afternoon lies stretched out at length in his gilded *vis-a-vis* like the image of laziness drawn in triumph through the city; and, as if these were not enough, learns the destructive vice of gaming, and sets a princely fortune at the hazard of a dye. The baggage laughs when I would have her weep.

*Ifab.* Sir, you have reason to be angry; but I've much cause to laugh when I behold this picture.

*D. Ferd.* You judge of a man by his picture; let me see it.—How! the devil! have I baited my hook at court, and been six months a fishing for this cods-head? Yet many have told me that Don John d'Alverad was a person highly esteemed.

*Ifab.*

*Ifab.* If he had been tolerably handsome, your commands might be obeyed.

*D. Ferd.* Well, however you shall promise me to use him civilly, and I'll then find a remedy for your grief.

*Enter Lucilla veiled.*

Who have we here? A lady that will not shew herself! I wonder who let her in, and would not first ask, whether we would be visible? Madam, without seeing your face, or inquiring your name, you may if with propriety, freely command me.

*Luc.* Don Ferdinand, I expect no less from your character and reputation. I come to you for refuge, and beseech you, without any witness, I may tell you my misfortunes.

*Ferd.* You may. Daughter retire. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Luc.* I wish I could so express my griefs that you might find some excuse for my faults. But if you could number my tears, perhaps you would confess that my eyes have been sufficiently punished by my crimes.

*Ferd.* This stranger has no ill behaviour.

*Luc.* Sir, let me embrace your knees, and not rise from mine till I obtain that succour which I hope you will afford me.

*Ferd.* This stile is somewhat romantic. My foolish daughter never read romances; but, for my part, I esteem Amadis, and all such ancient and discreet records of love and honour. Madam, you seem not a person to whom a gentleman should refuse any thing.

*Luc.* Sir, I must then give you the trouble of knowing my family, and of hearing my misfortunes. My family you will easily know, for my dead father often told me, that he had made a friendship with you at Rome, and that you are a person both obliging and brave.

*Ferd.*



*Ferd.* I owe him much for that character, and shall be ready to pay the debt to you.

*Luc.* Sir, Burgos is the town where I received my first being, and unfortunately the flames of love. My mother died at my birth, and my father soon after he perceived the misfortune of my love. His name was Diego d'Alverad. He bred me with great care and bounty, and he had much hope of my infancy; but alas! it was a false hope. My two brothers were no less cherished by him, and I as much by them, with whom I happily lived. But oh, how love did change my destiny!

*Ferd.* A thousand curses take that devil, love; it imbroiles us all.

*Lucilla.* A stranger who came to see the triumphs at Burgos did in those tournaments appear to have no equal. We first saw one another in an assembly; I was courted by him, or rather I was charmed by him. He pretended to love me, and I loved him—But now, Sir, let my tears speak for me.

*Ferd.* Sure all lovers were born in April: they never mention sunshine without a shower after it. This may teach me to marry my daughter to some gentleman whom she does not love. But, Madam, how the devil could you be cozened with love? Women should never believe that beauty can sufficiently oblige the hearts of men, especially if men be so handsome as to prevail on women. I am glad Don John's picture renders him ugly.

*Lucilla.* Oh, Don Ferdinand! I am a fearful example for having too much believed a cruel traitor, who triumphs over me; disguising his name as falsely as his faith: a name which no man seems to know, yet I am certain he lurks somewhere about this town. To you I address myself, as my last remedy, and I demand your aid to find him out. I know the quality you bear about Madrid may apprehend him, and force him to do me reason.

*Ferd.*



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*Ferd.* I shall be one of Cupid's bailies, shall I? and watch to arrest a man for debts of love?

*Lucilla.* I'll not alledge my father nor his memory, but by your own humanity will conjure you, and not oblige you by any phrase of flattery.

*Ferd.* Madam, to be short, I am your humble servant; and such I have been ever to your father, who did me the honour to call me brother. Dispose of all my power; my daughter shall endeavour to assuage your griefs.

*Enter Bettris.*

*Bett.* Your nephew, Sir, desires your ear for something of importance.

*Ferd.* [to *Lucilla.*] Madam, my return shall be sudden. Bettris, lead her to my apartment.

[*Exeunt Lucilla, and Bettris.*]

The chance is odd that this lady proves the sister of my elected son-in-law. I must present her to him if he will see her. My nephew and I will join our powers to seek her lover, and to do her justice.

*Enter Don Lewis.*

O dear Don Lewis, my brave nephew, what brings you hither, how may I serve you?

*D. Lewis.* Sir, a friend of mine has lately advertised me of a quarrel coming towards me, and I am come for your advice, who are a perfect judge of combats of honour.

*Ferd.* If you can employ no other whom you love more than me, nor that loves you more than I do, I'm at your service. What is that paper in your hand?

*D. Lewis.* I'll read it to you.

*Ferd.* Do, for I have lost my spectacles.

[*D. Lewis reads.*]

"The younger brother of him whom you killed upon some love accounts, departs from this place to-day, to go where you are. I know not perfectly the

D

oc-

*occasion, but am certain that to give you notice of it, is not ill done by your servant*

Don Pedro Offorio."

*Ferd.* Where did you encounter him who is slain?

*D. Lewis.* In Burgos.

*Ferd.* In Burgos!

*D. Lewis.* Yes; and my great friend.

*Ferd.* In single combat?

*D. Lewis.* No, by mistake, in the darkness of the night. In the morning how was I overwhelmed with grief, being informed that the person slain was brother to my mistress, and the same intimate friend, who invited me to Burgos!

*Ferd.* These are the effects of love, and yet my foolish daughter will needs be in love before she marries.

*D. Lewis.* My escape from Burgos was easy, because I was not known in public. You see the intelligence which is given me, and of what use your counsel may be in the affair. A gentleman is in search of me, who is led hither by revenge. It were loss of honour to avoid him, and it were cruelty to kill him. But some body knocks at your gate. [*Knocking within.*]

*Ferd.* And rudely too. Who dares be thus insolent?

*Enter Bettris.*

*Bett.* O, Sir! give me a hundred crowns for my good news.

*Ferd.* Pray stay till they are told out, and give me the news first.

*Bett.* Where is my mistress? Her suitor is below, all over powdered and perfumed. He seems a merry and innocent man, for he laughs at every thing, as if he had no more cares than a Capuchin.

*Lewis.* Sir, it seems you have a design to marry my cousin, and secretly.

*Ferd.* Yes.

*D. Lewis.*



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D. Lewis. How am I wounded with this news!

[*Aside.*

*Ferd.* Bid my daughter come down. Make haste.

*Bett.* You need not doubt my speed when I am to bring lovers together.

[*Exit.*

D. Lewis. How shall I bear this persecution?

*Ferd.* I'll go and prepare her myself. I shall have use of all my understanding to get clear from the perplexity of my divided interest. My nephew has killed the brother of him who is to marry my daughter. [*Aside.*] Come, nephew, and assist me to prevail on this obstinate girl, to receive her lover kindly.

*Lewis.* I shall grow mad.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Sancho, Jodelet *in* Don John's *habit*; Don John *in* Jodelet's *habit*.

D. John. I told you my master's name.

*Sancho.* You did.

D. John. And does your master know that he is here?

*Sancho.* He doth.

D. John. Sure Don Ferdinand is detained by some important business.

*Sancho.* He is.

D. John. I hope when that's dispatched, Don John shall have the honour to kiss his hands.

*Sancho.* He shall.

D. John. This laconic fool makes brevity ridiculous.

*Jodelet.* An ass, for brevity sake, should have cropt ears and a bob tail.

D. John. My master is arrived upon design of alliance with yours, and I hope we, who are their servants, may become a-kin to one another by friendship.

*Sancho.* 'Tis fit.

D. John. Your hand——

*Sancho.* Take it——

D. John. Your name:

*Sancho.* Sancho.

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D. *John*. 'Tis well.

*Sancho*. Your name ;

D. *John*. Jodelet.

*Sancho*. Good.

[*They embrace.*

*Jod*. Friend, you are a man of brevity. I would your master were so too. Shall I not see him ?

*Sancho*. You shall.

*Jod*. But, by your favour, in what quantity of time ?

*Sancho*. A trice.

*Jod*. I am satisfied ; but have not yet satisfied you for your diligence—I am sorry 'tis the fashion for gallants to carry no money about them.

[*Feels in his pockets, and finds no money.*

*Sancho*. That's ill.

*Jod*. But my trunks are coming.

*Sancho*. That's good.

*Jod*. If my sumpter proves lame, I shall borrow of your master, rather than be in debt to his man.

D. *John*. This rascal means to represent me first by shewing his bounty.

*Jod*. I grow impatient, and must be diverted. Friend, what is there here to see ?

*Sancho*. The house.

*Jod*. This, I take it, is your anti-chamber. The floor is smooth, but somewhat bare : my rooms at home are all matted.

D. *John*. Now the dull rogue boasts of his rich furniture.

*Sancho*. We use no mats.

*Jod*. Why friend ?

*Sancho*. For fear——

*Jod*. Of what ?

*Sancho*. Of fleas.

*Jod*. Alas, poor things ! they do no harm, we never use to hurt them.

D. *John*. Now he shews himself a man of mercy.

*Sancho*. In his country——

*Jod*. Well, speak your mind.

*Sancho*. Fleas use——

*Jod*. What ?

*Sancho*.



*Sancho.* To bite.

*Jod.* Indeed! we have abundance of them, but not a man of mine does ever feel them.

*Sancho.* That's strange.

*Jod.* No; the scoundrels feed well; and then they sleep so soundly, that punes cannot wake them. Lord, how I love to hear my servants snore after dinner.

*D. John.* Now he shews his hospitality.

*Sancho.* We shall all grow fat when your master keeps house here: yet you, methinks, are somewhat lean. *[To Don John.]*

*D. John.* I thought this fellow's tongue had been wound up like a clock to regular stops, but now it struck above twelve words at once. Sir, I may trust you, who are hereafter to be my faithful friend. The chief reason why I am not fat is, most especially, because I am in love with three of our neighbour's maids.

*Sancho.* Three!

*D. John.* I confess I am unfortunate in it.

*Sancho.* You are.

*Enter Don Ferdinand, Don Lewis, Isabel, Bettris.*

*D. Ferd.* Don John, first for your father's sake, then for your own, I must embrace; nay, let me bind you close to my heart.

*Jod.* Sir, you may clasp me as hard as you please, for I'll assure you my flesh is firm both spring and fall.

*D. Ferd.* That's an odd assurance from a son-in-law. Sir, you are welcome. *[Aside.]*

*Jod.* I knew that before, Sir; which may give you a small taste of my understanding. Pray speak only things that are necessary; for I love few words.

*D. Ferd.* This son-in-law, I doubt, is none of the wisest.

*[Isabella draws Jodelet's picture, and looks on it aside.]*  
*Isab.*

*Ifab.* The painter has done him no wrong.

*D. John.* Her beauty exceeds all that any pencil can describe. [*Aside.*

[*Don John looks on Isabella's picture aside.*

*Jod.* My father-in-law looks as gravely as an owl at noon perched over a church porch.

*Ifab.* Was ever deformity copied with more exact proportion to the original? [*Aside.*

*Jod.* I can see you through my fingers, and know you at first sight by the picture you sent me. [*To Ifab.*

*Bett.* He is one of those subtle spies who peeps through the key-hole when the door is open. [*Exit.*

*Jod.* That damsel is too pert. Dear chuck of my cheeks, you should keep these paraquettos in a cage. How many of them have you? Slight, I think I'm left alone, Jodelet! Where are all my people, Jodelet?

*D. John.* Sir.

*Jod.* My heart beats too much at sight of my mistress. If I faint with love, be sure to hold me up.

*D. John.* I shall, Sir.

*Ifab.* My father has made a rare choice. This extraordinary fool is only fit for Christmas.

*Jod.* Don Ferdinand, do you always serve for a skreen to your daughter?

*D. John.* Unlucky rogue! what devil taught thee to ask that? [*Aside.*

*D. Lewis.* That question is not very civil.

*Jod.* Those that are angry may shew their teeth; but let them be sure that they be sharp.

*D. Lewis.* Sir, no man will doubt yours.

*Jod.* Those, who dare doubt mine, may meet me—at dinner; and after dinner may walk a turn in the field. It may be wholesome for some, but for others it may prove dangerous.

*Ifab.* He grows angry.

*Jod.* May not a man see a snip of her face? I pray, lady of my lips, blink on me a little with one eye.



eye. My dainty duckling, may I know what pleasure you take in having the honour to see me?

[*All laugh.*]

D. *Lewis*. That's civilly asked.

Jod. Sweet fyrrup of my soul, pray tell me, do you wear high heels: in truth if you do not, you are of a reasonable good stature, and worthy of me.

D. *Lewis*. An excellent good compliment.

Jod. That young man is given to prating. Tell me, my bright sun, do you shine on him?

Isab. He is my cousin.

Ferd. I pronounce again that my son-in-law is a coxcomb.

D. *John*. This cousin revives my jealousy. [*Aside.*]

Jod. Lady, have you never a patch-box about you? there's something tickles me on my nose. What all laughing: Lady, you laugh scurvily! you laugh like a monkey that has stolen cherries; he, he, he, he!

D. *Lewis*. Cousin, you do not satisfy the gentleman; he asked you, even now, how you did relish the honour of seeing him.

Isab. I must confess I never saw his equal, both in person and in mind.

Jod. Madam, every one says as much of me. But the twenty thousand crowns, are they ready? Let's dispatch the marriage.

D. *Lewis*. How, Don John! you are mercenary.

Jod. Those who believe it are very desperate. But would I could meet them in Alverad.

D. *Lewis*. In Alverad! Had you not a brother, Sir.

Jod. Yes, whom a base murderer killed in the dark.

D. *John*. If Don John could find the murderer he would eat his heart; but the coward hides himself.

D. *Lewis*. This groom is very impudent. But, friend, I have been told—

D. *John*. What have you been told, Sir?

D. *Lewis*.

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*D. Lewis.* That it was merely by mischance.

*D. John.* He lied that told you so; it was treachery.

*D. Lewis.* Do you observe his fauciness? [*To Isabel.*

*Isabel.* Methinks his anger has something graceful in it.

*D. Lewis.* Then you allow his insolence?

*Isabel.* He shews no meanness in his courage.

*D. Lewis.* I shall find you. [*To Don John.*

*D. John.* You may, for I shall never avoid you.

*Isabel.* O pity, hide thine eyes! how canst thou see such gallantry in such a low condition?

*D. Lewis.* Were it not in this place, I should make you silent.

*Jod.* My man is almost as valiant as myself, but a little rash.

*D. Lewis.* Uncle, shall I endure this from that groom?

*D. Ferd.* I charge you to be discreet. Here is a fair beginning of a marriage.

*Jod.* My dear dumpling, let them quarrel; and let us talk and be witty, and say soft things.

*D. Ferd.* Sir, you have not yet seen the house. Bettris make haste, open the gallery. Nephew, I conjure you to make use of your discretion. Come, gentlemen, what do you stay for?

*Jod.* I love the down-right familiarity of Alverad, and hate compliment.

*D. Ferd.* That's for saving time.

*Jod.* We often, out of heartiness and haste, salute ladies with our hats on.

*D. Ferd.* Do you so, Sir?

*Jod.* Yes, and take them by the hand, without the tedious ceremony of pulling off our gloves.

*D. Ferd.* 'Tis true, time is a precious thing, and ought to be saved. Son-in-law, it becomes you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE,



SCENE, *Garden-Chamber.*

*Enter* Sancho, D. John, Laura, Bettris, and Stephano.

D. *John.* Signor Sancho, there is nothing more medicinal against the consumption of love than a sack-poffet. But shall I be at it?

Sancho. You shall.

D. *John.* I am much obliged to you for the invitation.

Sancho. You are.

D. *John.* I hope I may have leave to seal an acquaintance on this fair gentlewoman's hand?

Sancho. You may. [*Don John salutes Laura.*

Lau. You are pleased to make use of your authority.

Sancho. I am.

Laura. I pray give me leave to salute Mrs. Bettris.

Sancho. Do.

Steph. The favour ought to go round. I hope I shall not be a stranger to your mistress.

Sancho. No. [*Stephano salutes Laura.*

D. *John.* Your authority extends so far as to make me likewise known to Mrs. Bettris.

Sancho. It doth. [*Don John salutes Bettris.*

Bett. Well, we shall be all happy when our lords and ladies are asleep. There is nothing so sweet as midnight and sack-poffet. Is there, Signor Sancho?

Sancho. Yes.

Bett. What can be sweeter in this bitter world.

Sancho. Buss and poffet. [*Bell rings within.*

Bett. My lady calls me. Let every one hasten to their appointed stations.

Steph. The next time when our masters go to bed early, we must be contented to sit up late.

Bett. Alas! we servants are miserable. We must be fain to watch when they sleep.

D. *John.* Pray let us meet cheerfully, and with short ceremonies.

Sancho. And long spoons.

[*Exeunt all several ways but Don John.*

E

D. *John.*

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*D. John.* Agreed!—I have more light to lead my jealousy.

And now must seek the man to whom revenge  
Is yet indebted for my brother's blood ;  
Then where my vain imprudent sister lurks,  
And where her perjur'd friend. Well, it grows strong  
In my belief that Isabella's confin  
Is he whom I discern'd in the balcony.  
Oh, Isabel ! be wise as thou art fair ;  
Turn not my love to dangerous despair. [Exit.

A C T III.

*Chamber in Don Ferdinand's House.*

*Enter Don Lewis, and Stephano.*

*D. Lewis.* URGE me no more : the lot is cast.

*Steph.* In troth, Don John is much beholden to you. You have forsaken his sister, killed his brother, and now pretend to his wife.

*D. Lewis.* My hope relies on my perseverance, and on *Bettris*, and on thee ; I rely much too on the rudeness of Don John's behaviour, but most of all on the civility of my goddess's fortune.

*Enter Bettris.*

*Bett.* O, Sir, is it you ?

*D. Lewis.* Dear *Bettris*, tell me a little of the son-in-law.

*Bett.* Would you have but a little when much may be spoken. He dined, and did eat till his doublet grew so narrow that 'twas dangerous to sit near him ;  
for



for his buttons flew about like a volley of shot, and after dinner he retired to a dirty entry, where he slept on a bench and snored in consort, like three fat carriers in one bed. But I'll tell you what passed besides.

*D. Lewis.* My fortune I expect from thee.

*Bett.* And I mine from you. Don Ferdinand your uncle has chaffed himself into a fever: he would fain be disengaged. Your dear Isabella is more vexed than he. Now is the time or never: you must endeavour to see her, and give her as many promises as those make who intend to keep none. Write her poetical letters, and be sure not to leave out her lillies nor her roses: you must weep, sigh, tear your hair; tell her you will cut your throat, or at least that you know an easy way to hang yourself.

*D. Lewis.* Concerning that, Bettries, you may safely pass your word for me.

*Bett.* But I have staid too long. Beshrew my heart for my kindness to you. Go, Sir, steal through the garden door. Farewel, Sir, and I pray give your man leave to shift your trenchers before they are empty; he looks leaner than Lent.

*Steph.* Farewel, false money!

*Bett.* Remember when my lady's little dog smelt you out, by the broken meat in your pocket, when you lay asleep in the harbour—O you're a proper watchman to attend lovers!

*Steph.* Well, I'll marry thee for a month, that I may get authority to correct thee for having no portion. [Exeunt.

*Enter Ferdinand, and Isabella.*

*Ferd.* I'll rather die of naked poverty than break my word.

*Isab.* Dear father!—

*Ferd.* You are a fool, and all that you can hope, is that I may defer your marriage for a few days. But was ever business so incumbered? My son-in-law is

offended, and my nephew being the cause of it, I ought to be so too. Shall I abandon one and join with the other? I owe myself to one by blood, and to the other by honour.

*Ifab.* It seems, Sir, 'twas Don Lewis that killed his brother.

*Ferd.* Yes, and to increase the perplexity, the sister of Don John implores me against him: how can I, in honour, refuse to assist her? and to day my nephew tells me, he has need of my advice against a man whom he has doubly offended, and that man must be my son-in-law. Head hold out one day, and split not during this storm of business. Farewel, I must endeavour to find my dainty son-in-law. [*Exit.*]

*Ifab.* And I to shun him. O Heaven! to what a brute am I condemned? Was not my aversion a sufficient torment without giving me a new affliction by another passion? Was it not enough to be unhappy by the address of the master, but I must love his man? Must I adore him who never can be mine, and at the same time abhor the person for whom I am decreed? A third evil is joined to the other two; Don Lewis, whom I hate, loves me. At once I hate, and fear, and am in love. O, who can deliver me from this entangled destiny!

*Enter Don Lewis.*

*D. Lewis,* 'Tis I, O charming Isabella! that will deliver you, and disengage you from Don John: for since Don Lewis, whom you have despised, is now admitted to your favour, your breath contains my rival's destiny. Proscribe him with one word, and, with this sword I am his executioner.

*Ifab.* Oh Heavens! dare you propose a mischief of this bloody shape! begone, unhappy wretch! Fly, fly to Burgos with thy perfidiousness, and there go act thy tragedies. Go, and deceive the sister of the brother thou hast slain.

*D. Lewis.*



*D. Lewis.* Hah ! if ever——

*Ifab.* Peace, peace, thou blackest of ill-spirits, or I will fill the house with exclamations.

*Enter Bettris.*

*Bett.* Pray speak low ; Don Ferdinand and the son-in-law are upon the stairs, they may hear you. How shall we shift Don Lewis away, for Don John's man is in the next chamber ? I would he would shew his extraordinary discretion, and good mien somewhere else.

*Ifab.* What shall we do ?

*D. Lewis.* If I durst appear——

*Ifab.* Keep your expedients for your own use, 'tis I that am concerned now.

*D. Lewis.* If his angry man——

*Ifab.* Hold, Sir, he seems not one whose anger may be tamed with threatning. Bettris !

*Bett.* Madam, I tremble all over. What think you if I awhile conceal Don Lewis in your chamber ?

*Ifab.* Dispose of him any where, provided he be far from my sight.

*Bett.* Madam, be froward then awhile ; and raise your voice, and call me bold and impudent.

[*Exeunt Don Lewis and Bettris.*]

*Ifab.* I understand you.

You say Don John is not handsome. [*Ifab. speaks loud.* What, he displeases you ? you'll mend his making. I like him as he is. I would my father heard you. You are insolent, begone !

*Enter Don Ferdinand, Jodelet, and Don John.*

*Ferd.* We hear you daughter. You are angry.

*Ifab.* 'Tis only for a trifle which my maid has lost.

*Jod.* Humph ; this will not pass ; for though I'm stuff in the head, yet I can smell things out as well as another. No, no, I see I may make love long enough

enough before you smiker at me. You may e'en keep your portion, I shall find my land in the old place.

*Ifab.* How, Sir, will you be gone?

*Jod.* When two or three have sufficiently forsworn themselves to you, then you'll tuck up your petticoats and follow me to Alverad.

*D. John.* This dull rogue, for fear he should not be unlucky enough to do me mischief, makes it up with inundations of folly.

*Ferd.* Son-in-law, methinks your behaviour is a little out of fashion, and, in plain terms, you want wisdom. For fear this extraordinary brute should find out his sister, I'll leave him in the hands of his mistress. Stay here a while, Sir, with my daughter. I must part from you one moment upon a pressing occasion. [Exit D. Ferd.]

*Jod.* My dainty dear; you father being gone, and here being none but friends left, you may swear to me in private how much you love me. I'll say nothing to any body. I can keep secrets; for when I'm askt what a clock 'tis, I never tell, for fear men should take me for a blab.

*Ifab.* Sir, I'll deal freely with you. I was never in love till to day; I had formerly an aversion to it, disdain was all my passion. Believe me, Sir, the flame of love is only known to me, since your arrival. But since my love can meet none equal to it, should it rejoice when it encounters yours? No, Sir, to the contrary; I'm in extreme pain to see you love me, and that I must likewise love.

*Jod.* Humph! if I had not a great deal of wit, I should hardly understand you.

*Ifab.* Sir, I must justify my meaning to you, You doubt my flame, but, Sir, I say again, I love that which is yours, and love it much. In seeing it I altogether see  
The object of my love.

You cause at once my joy and sorrow too,

What



What evil can there be more strange and rare ?

If I, to ease my pain, my mind reveal,  
I danger bring to him I would protect.

*D. John.* She has wit prevailing as her beauty, but  
'tis mystical.

*Jod.* If men swear they are bewitched when they  
are in love, then I, being in love, may say you are  
a witch, especially because you speak things as hard  
to be understood as charms.

*D. John.* O love, why art thou born with the  
disease of jealousy ! All curses meet upon Don Lewis !

*Jod.* You, my serving man, come nearer and make  
love for me, and afterwards we'll do it by turns.

*D. John.* But Sir——

*Jod.* How coxcomb ! perhaps you would give me  
counsel. Am not I your master ? does any man know  
so much as you the love I bear her, and who then  
can better tell her of it ? That's fine y'faith ; belike  
I want understanding to direct what's fit to be done.

*D. John.* Madam, I must obey since I am com-  
manded.

*Jod.* The fellow is afraid ! Madam, he wants a  
little breeding, yet I have been a pattern to him above  
seven years.

*Isab.* Sure he has been an ill observer then.

*Jod.* Sirrah, I say advance.

*D. John.* When love's afraid, do not that fear de-  
spise ;

[*To Isab. aside.*]

Flame trembles most when it doth highest rise ;

And yet my love may justly be disdain'd,

Since you believe it from a lover feign'd,

I am not here that which I ought to be,

I serve, yet from all bonds but yours am free.

Though player like I feign my master's part,

Yet real jealousy afflicts my heart.

For whilst his feigned rival I appear,

I then another real rival fear.

*Isab.* This language has more mystery than mine.

*Jod.*

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*Jod.* A real rival—that's I, or Don Lewis. A pox o'these intoxicating riddles, can any man stand still when charms make his head turn round? I'll hear no more of 'em. Avaunt Jodelet!

*D. John.* Is your worship in earnest?

*Jod.* I've a thought in my head worth the weight of it in gold. Hah! now I have lost it. Sweet nosegay of my nose, when I remember you, I always forget myself: or else 'tis that baggage, Bettris, which transports me; for to say truth, she runs in my mind too. My serving-man, begone.

*D. John.* I must obey you, Sir.

*Jod.* You'd fain stay to sing loth to depart. Why when I say! [*Don John goes and stands close to the door.* I will be left alone with my mistress.

*Isab.* How, Sir, alone?—What will the servants say?

*Jod.* Let 'em say what they will, I dare trust myself with you. I have not seen the balcony yet. Let's go take the air.

*Isab.* There is no air stirring.

*D. John.* What new species of folly has entered into the rascal's head? I must observe him.

*Jod.* Come along, sweetheart.

*Isab.* You shall excuse me, Sir, I'll not stir from hence.

*Jod.* How, not stir? my dear, you must know I'm very cholerick.

*Isab.* What drawn by force? you are insolent.

[*He offers to reach her hand.*

*Jod.* My duck you are squeamish. Lord, what difference there is in people? you see I am not so.

*Isab.* Rude wretch forbear! were it not for that patience which is ordained me by my father, I'd tear your eyes out.

*Jod.* With those white hands? you'd please me more, if you would let me kiss them.

*Isab.* Sir, you are mad, and would make me so too. Is this the brutish courtship of your province? [*Exit.*

*D. John.*



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D. John. O villain! would you presume to kiss her hand? [Don John *surprises him*.

Jod. 'Tis a strange thing! to see how men may be mistaken.— 'Twas she, Sir, would presume to kiss mine.

D. John. Slave! you are in jest then, and you think I'm so too. I'll make you repent your impudence. [Don John *strikes him*.

Jod. Sir—Why master—Pray Sir—

D. John. Pattern of rogues! [Don John *kicks him*.

Jod. Nay, pray Sir, do not punish behind; all that I said to her, was face to face.

*Enter Isabella.*

Isab. 'Tis anger, and grows loud. Pray heav'n they have not found Don Lewis!

D. John. Dog! you may be glad that my respect to her presence stops my fury.

Jod. Now she's here, if I should strike him he dares not discover himself.

[Jodelet *assaults Don John*.  
I'll teach you to speak ill of Isabella. Is she but reasonable handsome? Hah!

Isab. Ah do not strike him, Sir. Be not cruel to your servant. Jod. *speaks low and fast to Don John*.

Jod. Sir, I must counterfeit your person to the life, you use to kick too. I have a great mind to give you a taste of my foot, that I may resemble you thoroughly.

D. John. Be less in earnest when you counterfeit, or I'll cut your throat.

Isab. Rude man! What has he done to you?

Jod. These are cholerick heats which pass away, lady. If I should kick I could not hurt him; he's all oak, meer wainscot-board. We who have tender toes are ill provided for such tough rascals.

*Don John speaks softly to him again.*

D. John. Sirrah! were not she here——

F

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* But how has he deserv'd this usage?

*Jod.* He said your beauty could not kill a man a mile off.

*Ifab.* Was that all, Sir? If he hates me, alas! he knows not yet he is ungrateful.

*D. John.* I can no longer defer it. I must discover my self——

*Jod.* Sirrah, begone. Expect nothing from me but a cudgel to measure your bones. Lady, may I not strip him, and keep his clothes now I turn him away.

*Ifab.* O no, Sir, If I have any credit with you, turn him not away.

*D. John aside.* Did ever rogue use his master thus, or master so foolishly trust the discretion of his man?

*Jod.* My lily-white lamb! you are too merciful. I cannot stay near you upon such cowardly terms. I'll into the garden a while. We men of mettle use to walk a turn to cool our courage [Exit.

*Ifab.* I blush, and know not what to say. Is love A crime when it usurps a monarch's power In giving dignity to that which it esteems? [Aside. You were e're while another person and [To Don John. Did represent Don John; and then I spoke Some words which you might misinterpret to Be love. But, you are now poor Jodelet, And ought to alter your opinion of My passion since your person's changed.

*D. John.* Madam, if I had reason to believe That you esteem'd Don John, I should grow weary of My being as I am, and represent again The person that I was.

*Ifab.* Sure you esteem him much, since you can take Such pleasure in assuming of his love.

*D. John.* Next my desire of heav'n I wish Don John Made happy by your love with Hymen's rites.

*Ifab.* I'll leave you till you learn to ask of heav'n.

A bet-



A better destiny for me, that so I may  
Be taught to make an equal wish for you. [*Exit.*]

D. *John*. Her love does still grow darker, yet I see,  
By too much light, my cause of jealousy.

*Enter Lucilla veiled.*

*Luc*. I heard just now a noise like the confusion of  
a quarrel. This is an ill sign of my secure retreat.  
I must proceed in order to my safety ; and yet I ought  
to advertise them before I go. Sure this is Isabella's  
chamber ; the door is open ; I'll in, and take my  
leave of her.

*Enter Don Lewis.*

Hah ! I discern a man, and I can't avoid him.

D. *Lewis*. I hope my friend Bettris (whom I have  
bound to me with the strings of my purse) does  
mean to make this chamber my lodging. O dear  
Isabella ! whither would you run so fast ?

[*He spies Lucilla veiled.*]

How, will you not vouchsafe to hear me ? Alas ! al-  
low me but one word. You have reproached my  
love as criminal ; thinking some other beauty has  
possessed my heart. Have I not sworn, that she who  
does pretend to it had but the promises of my pity ?  
and since I saw her at Burgos, I never did retain her  
in my thought.

*Luc*. O Heavns ! I have not patience to hear  
more. [*She opens her veil.*] False man ! behold her  
now : for I am she who too much has loved thee,  
and whom thou never lovedst. She, whose fatal  
and unexperienced heart too soon believed thy many  
oaths ! She who hates thee now, and will proclaim  
thy perjuries ! She whom thy perfidies have left with-  
out a brother, and without her honour !

D. *Lewis*. Hear me but speak !

*Luc*. No, traitor, no ! Thy former perjuries have  
stopt my ears so much that I can hear no more. Help  
ho ! help !

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D. *Lewis*. Ah, Madam, give me but leave to swear, and you shall soon be satisfied.

*Luc*. Soul without faith ! Canst thou again expect belief ? Help ho ! help !

*Enter Don John*.

D. *John*. This grief is loud, and 'tis a woman's voice.

*Luc*. O Heavens ! whom do I see !

D. *John*. Hah ! is not that my sister ?

*Luc*. I call for help, and heaven has sent destruction in a brother. [*Aside*.

D. *John*. My eyes cannot mistake—She is my sister ;

And th'other is the object of my jealousy.

I have enough of anger for them both.

O, thou unhappy, wicked woman !——

*Luc*. If I am wicked think me then  
More fit to have some time for prayer.

D. *Lewis*. Hold ! hold ! I'll undertake her quarrel,  
Though with that voice which brought thee hither she  
Was calling for revenge on me. But tell  
Me by what title thou pretend'st to have  
Authority to punish her ? art thou not a servant ?

D. *John*. Don John's my master and his honour's mine.

*Luc*. My ruin was prepared by some design ; [*Aside*  
Else wherefore should my brother hide himself  
In this disguise ? [*Lucilla endeavours to go out*.

D. *John*. Hah ! are you going ? stay ! who brought you to

This house ? and wherefore did you call for help ?

*Luc*. You shall know all. I entered in that chamber to see Isabella, where I found this man ; but cannot tell for what intent he there did hide himself. I then cried out at the surprise, and tremble still.

D. *John*. Enough ! my jealousy is apt to credit his offence.

I'll



I'll shut the door— [*Goes back and shuts the door*  
 Don Lewis, I shall give you cause to shew your valour.

D. *Lewis*. I think it honoured when 'tis used in her defence, but it deserves a nobler trial than your base hand can make——

[*A noise of knocking within.*

D. *Ferd.* (*within*) Let's force our passage, and break through.

*Enter Don Ferdinand and Isabella.*

Luc. Ah, Don Ferdinand! call all your servants to your aid.

D. *Ferd.* Proceed not in your fury, for by death I swear, that he who does not sheath his sword, engages me against him.

Nephew, who put you here?

Ah, Lucilla! who discovered you? And you,

[*Speaks to Don John.*

What devil urges you, who since you came into My house have spent no minute but in quarrels?

D. *Lewis*. Hear me, and you shall straight know all.

D. *John*. No, let me speak! for I can better tell it, Sir, than he.

I entered here, urged by Lucilla's cries.

She found (as I believe by accident)

Don Lewis in the chamber where your daughter lodges.

'Tis evident to reason that he was hidden there all day;

For I have so observed all passage to the street

That it was hard for him to 'scape mine eyes.

D. *Lewis*. This reasoning does appear too much refined,

For one of his coarse quality.

[*Aside.*

D. *John*. My master (who is to marry Isabella,

And is brother to Lucilla) must be offended

For his mistress or his sister: and it

Is likely he is wronged in both. My duty

Therefore is to finish my revenge upon Don Lewis.

D. *Lewis*,

D. *Lewis*. You are a man of rare dispatch, who are so sure to finish that which is not yet begun.

D. *Ferd*. Don Lewis, stay ! Art thou mad ? Stay, Jodelet !

*Isab*. Ah, Jodelet ! let me intreat you to retire.

D. *John*. Madam, for your sake I will prescribe the means how to defer this quarrel ; let each engage his promise to me. You, Don Ferdinand, to render Lucilla to her brother's power when he requires it. And you, Don Lewis, to make a trial of your valour with Don John when he invites you to the field.

D. *Lewis*. I can make no promises of honour to one of thy condition.

D. *John*. Don John, Sir, is no more a man than I am.

But if he fails to call you suddenly  
T'accompt, then you shall know whether I'm now,  
Or may be made hereafter, fit to entertain your sword.

D. *Ferd*. Enough, we promise that which you desire.

Nephew, you are wont to yield to my authority.

D. *Lewis*. Well, Sir ; your pleasure is my law ; and here I give my promise.

D. *John*. And I mine, that Don John shall justify this quarrel.

D. *Lewis*. Nothing then remains but that I seek Your master out to-morrow. [Exit.

D. *John*. Your journey Sir will not be far to find him. [Exit.

D. *Ferd*. I'll be the foremost in the search. Come girls, let me conduct you to your several chambers. [Exeunt.

*Enter Stephano and Sancho.*

*A table spread with linen, trenchers and spoons are set out, and five chairs.*

*Steph*. This room standing in the garden, at distance from the house, seems built for our purpose. Our happy



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happy hour is near. Dear Signor Sancho, shall we be merry ?

*Sancho.* As maids.

*Steph.* Is there any creature, except man, that has the wit to be merry at midnight ?

*Sancho.* The owl.

*Steph.* You are in the right : but what shall we have to make us rejoice besides a sack-poffet ?

*Sancho.* Fiddles.

*Steph.* Your words are seldom many, but always pithy. Hark ! there's something stirring behind the hanging.

*Sancho.* A rat.

*Steph.* If it be a rat then it has shoes on, for it treads hard. I rather fear 'tis that old rat-catcher your master, that has caught us here in a trap. Who's there ?

*Jod. (within.)* A friend. *[Speaks low.]*

*Steph.* 'Tis a man's voice, but he speaks so low, that he seems more afraid than we are. Who is it ?

*Jod. (within.)* 'Tis I.

*Steph.* That were some answer to the question, if we knew him that made it.

*Jod. (within.)* Who are you ?

*Steph.* To testify that our being here is not for any harm, you may know that we——

*Sancho.* Are we.

*Steph.* Well said Signor Sancho ; that's a valuable return of intelligence from us for what he gave of himself.

*Jod.* Nay, if your name is Signor Sancho,  
*[Enter Jodelet.]*

Don John may appear.

*Steph.* Our sport is prevented ; we may e'en hang up our fiddles and ourselves by them. Who sent him hither ?  
*[Aside to Sancho.]*

*Sancho.* The devil.

*Steph.* Pray, Sir, what occasion brought you behind the hanging ?

*Jod.*

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*Jod.* I was led thither by conscience.

*Steph.* Conscience is a good guide, Sir.

*Jod.* Friends, to deal intirely with you, I stole hither to hide myself, partly out of conscience, but more out of discretion : for 'tis not fit a gentleman of my possessions, and near marriage, should upon every peevish humour of his servant venture his estate and body—

*Sancho.* Politick.

*Steph.* But, Sir, your man is coming hither. We expect him in a moment.

*Jod.* I'll not see him, till his foolish quarrels are ended.

*Steph.* Then, Sir, you must please to retire again behind the hanging.

*Jod.* Agreed. My friends, no words where I am.

*Steph.* Fy, no, Sir, but we shall stay here long. I hope you can have patience.

*Jod.* Lord, friends, you do not yet understand my disposition ; for 'tis my patience which makes me steal from quarrels.

*Steph.* You must be as little heard as seen. I hope you are not troubled with a cold, nor apt to fall asleep ?

*Jod.* What mean you ?

*Steph.* Why, Sir, I would not have you cough.

*Sancho.* Nor snore.

*Jod.* Friends, I say again you know me not thoroughly. Tell not me of snoring : I dare snore with any man in Spain, and, hap what hap may, I'll venture again behind the hanging to hide myself.

*Steph.* Nay, Sir, we know you are valiant.

*Sancho.* And wise. [Exit Jodelet.]

*Enter Bettris and Laura.*

*Bett.* Sancho, our entertainment is provided, are your stomachs ready ?

*San.*



*San.* They are.

*Lau.* Then help to bring it to the table.

*Enter Don John.*

*San.* In state.

[*Exit, and brings in a great bason with a posset.*

*Bett.* Signor Jodelet, you make good your promise, for you come in the very nick.

*San.* In posset time.

*Enter two young women who assist in the dance.*

*D. John.* Who are these.

*Bett.* Two young married neighbours that longed for sack-posset.

*D. John.* Are your ladies asleep!

*Bett.* They went to bed as early as brides, and I hope will lay as long as bridegrooms.

*D. John.* Thenthe maids may be as merry as the men.

*Steph.* And encounter a whole pail of posset.

*Enter Jodelet.*

*Jod.* I'll meet as many quarrels as there be drunkards in Dutch-land, rather than miss a sack-posset.

*D. John.* Hah! how comes he here?

*Bett.* Beshrew your heart, Signor Don John, for starting forth so suddenly. 'Tis well we were all awake.

*Lau.* If we had not been used to meet men in the dark it might have frightened us.

*Jod.* Ladies, without *sans ceremonie*, I'll sit down first.

*San.* And I.

*D. John.* Villain, be gone to my chambers; you'll still discover your coarse breeding. [*Whispers Jodelet.*

*Jod.* Prithee forbear thy good manners to thy master, sit down, sit down; I say sit down. There are seasons,

seasons, when masters may be familiar with their men.

D. *John*. Sirrah, I'll cut your throat.

[*Whispers* Jodelet.

*Jod*. I had rather you should cut my throat than cozen my belly.

[*Whispers* Don John.

D. *John*. Rogue! to-morrow will come.

*Jod*. Still over mannerly! Ladies, pray take your spoons. This coxcomb my man is so troublesome with his untimely respects.

D. *John*. You will not stir then?

*Jod*. Prithee put thy hat on. Ladies, when I am at home and a little in drink, I often sit with my servants.

D. *John*. Ladies and gentlemen, having my master's leave, I will presume on yours.

*San*. You may.

*Jod*. I suppose the posset is very hot, but *couragio* is the word. 'Tis but the spoiling a few good teeth. I'll venture at it. Zounds! 'tis as hot as if they had strewed it with parched pepper instead of cinnamon.

[*He sputters as if his mouth was burnt.*

*San*. Stay, stay!

*Bett*. Why, Signor Sancho.

*San*. Stir it— [They all stir and then eat together.

*Jod*. Ladies you eat too fast.

D. *John*. Dog! Shew more civility, and do not disgrace the person whom you counterfeit.

[*Whispers* Jodelet.

*Jod*, I tell thee 'twill not make me sick. I have been used to abundance of posset. This good-natured fool takes such care of my health.

*Bett*. Signor Jodelet, pray sit down again and take care of your own health; possets are very wholesome.

*Lau*. Pray do, Sir.

*Steph*, Mistress Bettris, here's to your good health, and to yours, mistress Laura.

*Sancho*. To both, [Sancho slabbers his beard.

*Jod*.



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*Jod.* Signor Sancho, that sponge, your beard, soaks up too much of the posset.

*Sancho.* It doth.

*Jod.* I only civilly suppose it doth.

*Don John.* Signor Sancho, you made a promise of fiddles. I pray forbear your spoon a-while, that you may call for them.

*Sancho.* I shall.

*Laura.* Servant, I pray do.

*Sancho.* Few words are best.

*Steph.* In what sense, Signor Sancho?

*Sancho.* In posset.

*Don John.* Come, Sir, dispatch; for brevity is convenient in posset as it is in speech. Bettris will oblige us with a song if you will call for music.

*Sancho.* Done.—Scrape.

[*To Music.*

S O N G.

B E T T R I S.

I.

The bread is all bak'd,  
The embers are rak'd,  
And the lads and the lasses are cooing;  
Let us laugh and carouse,  
For none in the house  
Can disturb us in what we are doing.  
Then let us have posset, and posset again,  
And hey for the maids, and ho for the men.

## II.

The cloister-bells ring,  
 Sad dirges they sing,  
 Whilst we spend the night in laughter and love;  
 Our time we employ  
 In mirth and in joy,  
 Leave discord and care to our betters above.  
 Then let us have posset, and posset again,  
 And hey for the maids, and ho for the men.

## III.

Dispatch it away  
 Before it be day,  
 'Twill quickly grow early when it is late;  
 A health then to thee,  
 To him and to me,  
 And all who love beauty, and business hate.  
 Then let us have posset, and posset again,  
 Then hey for the maids, and ho for the men.

*Jod.* Well, my man were an incomparable varlet,  
 if he would forbear to give me counsel in whispers.  
*Jodelet!*

*D. John.* Sir.

*Jod.* Lead them a dance. I'll have a dance.

*D. John.* My feet are at your service, Sir—As you  
 shall feel to-morrow by a score of kicks, which I re-  
 serve for you.

[*Whispers to Jodelet.*]

*Jod.* Hark, he's giving me counsel again: I say  
 lead them a dance.

## THE DANCE;

*Which being ended, a bell rings within.*

*Bett.*



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*Bett.* My lady's little dog has waked her. Alas !  
now the sweet of the night is coming, we must all part.

*D. John.* Sirrah, follow me to my chamber.

*[Whispers to Jodelet.*

*Exeunt all several ways but Jodelet.*

*Jod.* Not to-night, good Signor Don John. I'll  
sooner follow a drum that beats for volunteers, to the  
north of Norway. The back door of the garden is  
only bolted within : I'll steal forth, and to-morrow,  
when sleep has made him tamer, I'll return.

I'll rather feed with fiends on brimstone-broth,  
Than eat sack-posset with a man of wrath. *[Exit.*

A C T IV.

*Enter Laura and Stephano.*

*Laura.* **Y**OU are very inquisitive.

*Steph.* And you are very secret.

*Laura.* Do you intend me that as commendation ?

*Steph.* Yes, and yet I do not thank you for it.

*Laura.* You may take your praise back again, for  
I will not be commended for keeping that secret,  
which I do not know.

*Steph.* Can you be ignorant of the lady whom you  
serve ?

*Laura.* I told you I had not served her above three  
days : but still you are inquisitive ; and why, I pray ?

*Steph.* The endeavour of knowing things shews di-  
ligence of the mind, and you should praise me for it.

*Laura.* Those may praise spies, who employ them.

*Steph.* You take me then for a spy ?

*Laura.*

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ligence of the mind, and you should praise me for it.

*Laura.* Those may praise spies, who employ them.

*Steph.* You take me then for a spy ?

*Laura.*

*Laura.* So impertinent a spy, that I wonder you do not walk with a dark lanthorn when the sun shines.

*Steph.* What to seek chaste women, as Diogenes sought honest men? Come, I confess you have wit.

*Laura.* I thank you, Sir.

*Steph.* I would you would thank me for being in love with your beauty.

*Laura.* Love! Is that fool's bauble in fashion still?

*Steph.* 'Tis the only fashion which never changes.

*Laura.* Mrs. Bettris will hardly believe you.

*Steph.* No, she believes in nothing but marriage.

*Laura.* O, cry you mercy, for indeed marriage is grown as dangerous, as love is foolish.

*Enter Sancho.*

*Steph.* I'll retire to make that coxcomb jealous.

*[Exit.]*

*Sancho.* How! Hah!

*Laura.* O, Signor Sancho, 'tis well you are come.

*Sancho.* Too well.

*Laura.* Your friend Stephano would fain be your rival, but you are the man for whom I mean to fight.

*Sancho.* Yes, much!

*Laura.* I'll lay my life you are jealous.

*Sancho.* Who, I?

*Laura.* Pray come from behind your beard, and shew your bare face. if you are angry.

*Sancho.* I am.

*Laura.* If you are, I can endure it.

*Sancho.* You can?

*Laura.* Yes.

*Sancho.* Who cares?

*Laura.* You do.

*Sancho.* Not this.

*[Makes a sign of disdain, with his thumb at his teeth.]*

*Laura.* 'Tis well.

*Sancho.* 'Tis ill.

*Laura.* Hey day!

*Sancho.*



*Sancho.* Hey too!

*Laura.* Farewel.

[*Exit Laura.*

*Sancho.* Go.

[*Exit Sancho.*

SCENE, a Garden, with an Arbour.

*Enter Isabella and Lucilla.*

*Ifab.* You must not think of your escape from hence.

*Luc.* Whilst you are civil you are cruel too.  
Fair Isabella, let me take my leave.

*Ifab.* My father is not easily deceiv'd ;  
Whilst you attempt it, you deceive yourself.  
Your reconciliation with your brother may  
Seem difficult at first ; but if you doubt  
My father's skill to govern him, you must  
Depend on Heav'n, and then you must have Faith,  
Which, out of temples, we call Courage.

*Luc.* Nothing but death can quench my brother's  
wrath.

Pray free yourself from the unfortunate ;  
These tears agree not with your nuptial joys ;  
And let me tell you, what you soon will find,  
Don John is nothing less than what he seems.

*Ifab.* I saw him in the garden but just now, and my  
maid

Walking towards him. Go hide yourself :  
Pass through the gallery up the terras-stairs into my  
closet, where I will meet you strait. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Don Lewis and Stephano.*

*D. Lewis.* Some heavenly power contrives these accidents ; they have a secret method in them, and more than fortune makes me still unhappy.

*Steph.* I am amazed, that you by chance should court her whom you forsook, and meet the mistress here from whom you fled so many miles.

*D. Lewis.* Hast thou discoursed with her maid ?

*Steph.*

*Steph.* Yes, but she is but newly come into her service, and is either a stranger to her Lady's designs or else so secret that no man but a husband can see her bosom bare.

*D. Lewis.* Heaven take Lucilla's part against me, for I have done her wrong.

*Steph.* O, have you so? You lovers are very diligent spies and bold, but very incredulous; you always are scouting abroad, yet never see or believe mischief till you feel it.

*D. Lewis.* I think she loves me, and with true passion.

*Steph.* But you love another, and that's a rare remedy for her disease.

*D. Lewis.* I am perplexed beyond the help of reason. I know there are laws against irregular love, but nature never made them. I would thou wert valiant!

*Steph.* So would not I. I am content to have no holes in my skin, rather than pay a surgeon to sew them up.

*D. Lewis.* Don John's man is saucily insolent, and his condition is below the revenge of my sword; but if thou hadst courage to undertake him—

*Steph.* Sir, I never questioned my own courage, and I wish no man may, for I, and others too, may be mistaken.

*D. Lewis.* I am going now where I shall meet Don Ferdinand, who will bring me an account of Don John.

*Steph.* Sir, I told you my infirmity when you first received me under your roof. I'll serve you faithfully, but I must obey the king, who does enjoin peace amongst his subjects.

*D. Lewis.* Well, though thou hast no courage, yet I am satisfied with thy diligence. I stole hither chiefly to make thee increase thy acquaintance with Laura, Lucilla's maid; and whatsoever shall succeed upon this  
engage-



engagement of my honour, be sure to endeavour that she may give good impressions of me to her mistress.

*Steph.* This, Sir, is a work of peace, and I dare go through with it; but as for matters of strife, if you would take my advice—

*D. Lewis.* No more words. I'll take no counsel from men that are afraid.

*Steph.* Well, Sir, fortune be your friend! But I humbly conceive that men of discretion seldom wait upon her courtesy. *[Exeunt several ways.]*

*Enter Jodelet and Bettris.*

*Bett.* I will assure you, Sir, you have been fought; and for my part, I was so concerned in your absence, that I offered to employ the town-crier.

*Jod.* It had been to no purpose, for that public voice cannot be heard. Alas! he is grown hoarse with crying for lost maidenheads.

*Bett.* Sir, you are sometimes merry, but always wife.

*Jod.* Alas! not I! yet it seems I am of some importance, since I have been so much fought. But who were the searchers?

*Bett.* Your father-in-law and Don Lewis. Your man too was so sad, as if he had not only lost his master, but his wages.

*Jod.* I owe him nothing but a cudgel, for being so saucy as to miss me without my order. May not a master steal out to seek a mistress, unless he ask leave of his man?

*Bett.* But where were you, Sir?

*Jod.* I was invited by a friend to a dish of stewed tripe with garlick. What key is that?

*Bett.* It belongs to your chamber. Don Ferdinand has appointed you another lodging near the garden.

*Jod.* I had rather it had been near the kitchen. I esteem his cook above his gardener. The steam of beef to me, who am not over curious, is better than the odour of violets. But why am I removed?

H

*Bett.*

*Bett.* The old gentleman is afraid of scandal. And, to say truth, it might do some harm to you, I mean to your modest reputation, if, before the marriage night, you should be lodged too near his daughter.

*Jod.* Nay, let her look to that; I care not what people say, when I am innocent. But, dear Bettris, thou dost not know how much I love thee.

*Bett.* How should I know it? You think I am a witch; but I am not old enough for that yet: I am none of those who pretend to knowledge.

*Jod.* I ever loved one of thy complexion; ever.

*Bett.* Why truly, Sir, though I blush when I say it, I ever loved all the Don Johns in the world; and when you first came hither my foolish heart—but I'll say no more.

*Jod.* Nay we must be secret: for if the least notice be taken of it, I shall strait have flushings in my face, and blush like a rose.

*Bett.* I'm sure you make me hide mine. I pray stand farther off.

*Jod.* Poor little fool! I pri'thee shew me the way to my chamber.

*Bett.* Hey down a down! In troth you are an odd man: you make me sigh even while I sing. Here, take the key; I'll be gone. [*Sighing.*]

*Jod.* Pretty thief! I could find in my heart to weep when I think thou wilt be hanged for stealing men's hearts. Dear slut—But 'tis no matter; go, lead the way to my chamber. I'll sneak after thee:

*Bett.* You must follow me apace then; for I am a very light housewife. [*She runs away.*]

*Jod.* Methinks I counterfeit a Don John rarely; for husbands of quality must be sometimes discontented with their wives, and often pleased with their maids.

*Enter Don Ferdinand.*

*D. Ferd.* Don John, I am glad, after some affection and care in seeking you, that you are not lost.

*Jod.*



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*Jod.* Most careful Sir, I also am glad, and for the seeker's sake, because the loss would be his. I think that was spoken again like Don John. But what are your commands?

*Ferd.* You must; but, Sir, excuse me, for I speak with some regret.—

*Jod.* What must I, Sir? Pray speak the worst, and let it out for your own ease, if you are troubled with keeping it.

*Ferd.* You are invited to the field; and it imports you much.

*Jod.* Is that all? A turn or two in the field is wholesome after a full stomach.

*Ferd.* But, Sir, it is to fight.

*Jod.* That may import me much indeed. I do not like the phrase of being invited to the field to be killed: men are very simple when they go into a grave to take the air.

*Ferd.* It is the fashion, Sir, and men of honour have allowed it.

*Jod.* The fashion! I am sorry for it. Don Ferdinand, you seem sometimes not very wise: I doubt that in your youth you have been inclined to this foolish way of invitations to the field, and have been hurt in the head. I say, your reason, at present, is not exceeding sound.

*Ferd.* Come, courage, Don John; and first let me know, why you infer I am not wise?

*Jod.* Because you come to tell me of a quarrel which I knew not, and perhaps did not desire to know.

*Ferd.* Sir, in this I have done my duty, and you will do well to acquit yourself of yours, without being served by the valour of another. To day you ought to encounter him who killed your brother. And I am sorry, Sir, to tell you, that he killed him in the night.

*Jod.* Ha! Was it at night?

*Ferd.* Ay, Sir, at night.

*Jod.* Then, for my part, let the devil fight with his own match ; for if he be able to kill a man without seeing him, he will be sure to kill me when he sees me.

*Ferd.* This sounds strangely.

*Jod.* May I enquire his name ?

*Ferd.* It is Don Lewis de Rochas.

*Jod.* A pox on him ! I knew he would scape my hand. Don Lewis de Rochas ! Why that's your nephew. Sir, you must know I reverence all men of your name.

*Ferd.* I partly thank you, Sir : but, Sir, I have not told you all ; for he has done you a second injury, which should more provoke you to revenge. Your sister has too much reason to complain of him.

*Jod.* Sir, as for my sister, truly he may be ashamed to wrong her ; but I have made a resolution never to draw my sword in a woman's quarrel.

*Ferd.* Sir, I am much deceived, if you are not an arrant coward.

*Jod.* Bless me ! what a strange father-in-law would you be ? Has the devil sent you hither to tempt me, not only to homicide, but also to kill my new alliance, your nephew ; nay and before wedding and bedding too, which, for ought I know, may likewise kill your daughter.

*Ferd.* I would thou wert valiant but one minute, that, without loss of my honour, I might kill thee before thou growest a coward again.

*Jod.* A man must be in humour when he fights, and let me die like a dog, which I would not say falsely to get the whole world, if, to my remembrance, I ever had a less disposition to fighting than now. Mistake me not, I speak but according to my remembrance : but, Sir, let us leave the pleasant part of our discourse, and be a little serious.

*Ferd.* Do so, but with as much brevity as you can.

*Jod.*



*Jod.* I pray tell me, Sir ; suppose now that with a blunderbuss, or with a rapier of Toledo, I were pierced like a cullender ; or suppose that with a Syrian scymeter, or a backsword-blade, I were minced into a pye, How would my brother or my sister be the better for it ?

*Ferd.* Well, for your father's sake, my antient friend, I'll leave you whole, without being either pierced or minced.

*Jod.* For his sake, Sir, I will with patience endure your courtesy.

*Ferd.* But for my own sake, you must, instead of my daughter, seek another wife in Madrid, for from this moment expect nothing from me but scorn and hatred. O thou incomparable coward !

*Jod.* I am, O, Don Ferdinand, despite of your cruelty, and of your black teeth, your most humble and faithful servant ; and I am as much, or more, to the lady Isabella.

*Ferd.* I am not yours ; and when you are out of my house, which must be suddenly and without noise, I shall do myself the dishonour to force you to another kind of account.

*Enter Don John.*

*D. John.* Don Ferdinand ! I pray, Sir, what puts you into choler ?

*Ferd.* My ill choice of a dastardly son-in-law.

*Jod.* Don Ferdinand, I'll be gone, that you may speak better of a friend behind his back. [*Exit.*

*Ferd.* Let him go, Jodelet ! he disavows you in all, and has told me plainly, he was not of opinion that he ought to take notice of injuries : and that he was never inclined to revenge : Nay, he has almost profest that he has lost his courage.

*D. John.* 'Tis strange that he took no more care to keep it, having so little. [*Aside.*

*Ferd.* Pray call him back to save his honour : tell him

him what he ought to do, being doubly affronted by Don Lewis. Dear Jodelet, shew the friendship of a servant, by persuading a master to courage.

*D. John.* Sir, I am sure he has a kind of country-courage.

*Ferd.* What do you mean?

*D. John.* I mean, he is very obstinate, and will seldom yield to persuasion.

*Ferd.* I am sorry, for his father's sake; especially since I have proceeded so far towards an alliance. If I were doubly injured, as he is, I should not behave myself like him. Don Lewis, his enemy, stays for me at the end of the street: I'll go to him.

*Enter Jodelet.*

*D. John.* Do, Sir, for my master is come back; though I fear I shall find him too haughty to be counselled into courage. [*Exit Ferdinand.*]

*Jod.* Is he gone, Sir?

*D. John.* Yes, but tell me, Jodelet, what new affront have we to revenge?

*Jod.* I am the son of a sow, if he has not moved my patience so far from me, that I can hardly reach it again; yet I am as unwilling to be angry as another. Sir, you must disguise yourself no longer. These false habits may grow to be fools coats, and Don Lewis will turn all into laughter. But you did challenge him for me.

*D. John.* I did; I must kill him: but men of action are often parted in the street, and I grow doubtful where to fight.

*Jod.* 'Tis great pity there is not some amphitheatre, built at the public charge of butchers, for the honourable exercise of cutting men's throats.

*D. John.* Revenge is often interrupted in the field, because now even all peculiar fields are turned to common roads about this populous town. If I could find some house, though 'tis against the fashion used in duels,

*Jod.*



*Jod.* Stay, Sir, I'll fit you with a place. I have the key of a low apartment where we are to lodge. There you may conveniently be revenged, almost in the sight of your mistress, and yet neither she nor her father can see it.

*D. John.* Thou hast made an excellent choice, my dear Jodelet.

*Jod.* My dear Don John!

*D. John.* Go and appoint him a meeting in the evening.

*Jod.* But rather, Sir, do you go. 'Tis now high time that men should know who you are.

*D. John.* How, Jodelet! because for a mere provocation of jealousy, for a simple suspicion, I have disguised my name, wilt thou therefore have me discover myself before the injury be evident? No, thou shalt remain Don John a while, and invite him to the low chamber, to measure weapons there, and to consult about contriving the privacy of the duel.

*Jod.* Then you command me to be still Don John?

*D. John.* I do rather conjure thee.

*Jod.* Well, I obey you, Sir.

*D. John.* Thou shalt beckon him far off, then lead him to me.

*Jod.* These appointments are somewhat hard. But, Sir, pray be sure you take heed of mistakes. Men's eyes are often dazzled with choler. If I, without thinking of you, should enter before Don Lewis; and you, without thinking of me, should run a tilt at my belly——

*D. John.* Thou hast a Jesuitical way of making impossible scruples.

*Jod.* Nay, Sir, I know if I am wounded, you Will cry, "in troth, poor Jodelet, I am sorry, Excuse a foolish chance!" Then I, good soul, Shall quickly be contented, and soon whole.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter Isabella, Lucilla, meeting Bettris with a Candle.*

*Ifab.* MADAM Bettris, what do you here?

*Bett.* **M**I am preparing a warm chamber for your benumbed lover; and, I beseech you, from whence come you, and madam Lucilla?

*Ifab.* We have been fighting in a shade.

*Luc.* Madam, I must tell you again, if fortune should bring the whole sex of men before you, and give you leave to make your own election, you could not chuse a more worthy husband, than Don John; and when you know him better, you will confess my belief is guided by reason.

*Ifab.* Alas, you are his sister; and that may well excuse your partiality, you may allow me liberty to tell you this, because we have contracted a friendship.

*Bett.* Were I my mistress, if there were no more men in the world, I would marry Don John, because I would have children, and because all children are not like the father.

*Ifab.* Bettris, you are too rude.

*Bett.* Madam, you are too grave. If I were to be bride, like you, I would not carry myself like a nun. Madam, let us hasten up stairs, some body opens the door, and will surprize us.

*[Noise within like a key turning a lock.*

*Exeunt Isabella, Lucilla.*

SCENE,



SCENE, *an Alcove.*

*Enter Don John, after unlocking the door, and bringing the key.*

D. *John.* I hear them coming. I'll leave the door open, take away the key, and conceal myself in the alcove.

*Enter Jodelet, Don Lewis, from top.*

Jod. Now where is the evil spirit, my master? Hah! vanished! he's gone, quite gone. This Don Lewis is as famous as Cain for matters of killing; and, which is worse to me than no help, he shuts the door. Well, since I am pent in, I would I were but as valiant as an imprisoned cat, that I might fly at his face. 'Tis very inconvenient to be a man without manhood.

D. *Lewis.* Now, Sir, we are inclosed, and may fight without interruption.

Jod. O that traitor, my master! I would he were hanged, that is not here to part us. [*Aside.*]

D. *Lewis.* You mutter, Sir, you may express your anger with your sword.

Jod. Who I, Sir? I scorn to mutter any thing against any man, who will give me any reasonable satisfaction.

D. *Lewis.* I was bravely invited, and am ready to do you reason.

Jod. Sir, I shall always report you are not only a very reasonable man, but are also willing to consider—

D. *Lewis.* What mean you by consider?

Jod. I'm quite forsaken. My Master has certainly no kind of conscience—— [*Aside.*]

D. *Lewis.* What the devil do you seek?

[*Jodelet looks up and down.*]

Jod. Two things, which I fear I shall not find; my valour and my master. [*Aside.*]

I

D. *Lewis.*

D. *Lewis*. I have attended to see your sword out; and honour taught me that patience: but now I'll trust you with no more time——Draw!

*Jod*. Bless me, what a long spit he draws! I have been a raw fellow at fighting, and now am like to be roasted.

D. *Lewis*. Come, Sir, are you ready? for I scorn to take advantage. Prepare yourself——

*Jod*. Stay, stay a little, Sir! Let me advise you, as a friend, to lay aside your passion when you fight, for in good faith you are too hasty.

D. *Lewis*. Is this behaviour equal to your former heat? Methinks you grow cold. Your courage is an ague, for it comes in fits. But I shall cure it.

*Jod*. Heaven, I thank thee heartily! for I spy my master. Ah, Sir, come out, do you want courage?

[*Aside.*

[*Speaks softly to Don John behind him.*

D. *John*. Retire as thou art fighting, that thou mayst amuse him.

D. *Lewis*. Quick, Sir, draw! for I have told you that I scorn to take advantage.

*Jod*. Nay, an you grow so angry, Sir, then I say again, stay! for I scorn all advantages as much as you do. [*He takes up the candle.*] Do you think I'm so base as to fight with rapier and candle against single rapier?

D. *Lewis*. Lay down the light then.

*Jod*. Honour is a fool in the field, when it wants stratagem.

D. *Lewis*. I think he is mad; for still he mutters and looks back. Don John, I suspect the temper of your brain, as much as I doubt the courage of your heart; you seem to have a great quantity of the coward, but more of the fool.

*Jod*. Not so much of the fool as you suppose, Sir——

[*He puts out the candle.*

D. *Lewis*. What art thou all coward, and coverest thyself in darkness?

*Jod.*



*Jod.* Did not you kill my brother in the dark ?

*D. Lewis.* If that will more incense thee, know, I did.

*Jod. aside.* Then try your cat's eyes once again.

[*He retires.*]

*D. Lewis.* Where are you, Sir,

*Jod.* What a fool were I, if I should tell him ?

*D. Lewis.* You are bashful, and would not have your courage seen.

*Jod.* I am a little valiant when I spy no naked weapon. [*Aside.*] Now good speed to one push at hazard—[*He steps aside, thrusts at great distance at first, and at last hits Don Lewis, then retires to the Alcove.*] I think that touched something. I hope I have not run my sword through one of the Cæsar's eyes in the hanging.

*D. Lewis.* The wretch has drawn my blood. I feel it, for it wets my hand. But now by this, more than before, he does deserve to be my enemy.

*D. Ferd.* [*within.*] I am certain that's my nephew's voice. If I can feel no key in the lock, then mine will give me entrance.

*D. John.* Go forth from the alcove or I'll strangle thee.

[*Don Ferdinand opens the door, and enters with a light.*]

*D. Ferd.* Hah! what's the business here, my friends ?

[*Jodelet steps out of the Alcove, and Don Ferdinand lays hold on Don Lewis.*]

*Jod.* I am taking satisfaction for my injuries.

*D. Lewis.* I have lost blood, and will be strait revenged.

*D. Ferd.* Let me see, nephew ? 'Tis but a slight scratch.

*Jod.* Would I had two in my right hand, that I might get an excuse to let my sword fall.

*D. Ferd.* Now, my dear friends, fight freely! I come not here to make peace. The one who suffers

by a deep and double injury, is by promise to be my son-in-law; the other is my nephew, who must be satisfied for loss of blood. I'll look on each with the same eyes which in my youth did love to see the exercise of honour. Fight, and fight bravely; but first let me place the light conveniently for both.

D. *Lewis*. My anger makes me insolent and cruel. And that I now may dare you to do more than you durst do till darkness hid your fear; know, I have deceived your sister, and have killed your brother.

*Don John enters from the Alcove.*

D. *John*. Stay, Sir—Since I am thus confirmed, honour has leave of conscience to be bloody in revenge.

*Jed*. O, are you come? In true tragedies let every man act his own part, [*Aside.*

D. *John*. You do not know Don John, behold him here. You did deceive my sister, and have killed my brother; and are now, against yourself, the audacious witness of such double wickedness, as justice cannot hear, but with a double sense of anger and of shame. I wish you had more than a single life to answer both.

D. *Ferd*. What, is the man become the master?

D. *John*. Under a servant's name I have endured my injuries, whilst I had got no more than a suspicion of the offender's person to authorise my revenge; but since you proudly have declared you did those injuries, you cannot think that I should longer bear them. My brother's blood incites me to revenge.

D. *Lewis*. The cry of blood may cease, when the revenge of it is near.

D. *John*. Know too that my revenge is heightened by the black dishonour which has stained my sister's beauty, to whom you have ignobly shewn a want of such compassion as does use to accompany true courage.

D. *Lewis*. Are you the true Don John, renowned for



for valour, and yet strive, with softening pity, to allay that courage against which your honour does contest?

D. *John*. You ought to think my vengeance for my brother's death allows not words to respite deeds: but that I may make my sister feel my justice more than cruelty, let me be now obliged, even by an enemy, with so much truth as men of noble race can never want.

D. *Lewis*. What would you ask?

D. *John*. Whether your many vows (broken as fast as sworn) did not seduce my sister from her father's house to seek you in disguise? and whether in those vows you did not make a sacred contract of immediate marriage?

D. *Lewis*. Though when our swords are drawn, it is then no season for confession, yet, in a just compassion, for her sake, I will declare a blushing truth. Your sister owes her affliction to my repeated vows of marriage.

D. *Ferd*. I swear, my nephew is a traitor. Hadst thou a heart so cruel as to overcome a virgin by thy vows, and then forsake her for her faith? Son-in-law, I'm wholly now of your side, and will renounce my blood in him; who, by all the rules of honour, deserves to have it shed, not by a single hand, but by confederacy of common force.

D. *Lewis*. Stay, uncle! shall the virtue of confession make you my enemy!

D. *Ferd*. Yes, where divines are not the duellists—

D. *John*. Hold, Don Ferdinand. My honour will not suffer me to share in such advantages.

D. *Ferd*. Then take him to yourself; though such who traitors are to virgin innocence, deserve their punishment from every hand.

D. *John*. I have another question now, to which a civil foe will give reply; and it is to cure my greatest pain, my jealousy; so great a torment as I could not wish to my most fatal enemy: no, not to you.

D. *Lewis*.

D. *Lewis*. Sir, now you teach me to be civil. Proceed to tell me your disease, if you will hasten to the remedy.

D. *John*. Know, I am jealous.

D. *Lewis*. Of whom?

D. *John*. Of you.

D. *Lewis*. Of me?

D. *John*. I saw you leap from the balcony of this house.

D. *Lewis*. Did you see it?

D. *John*. Yes, I saw it; and, since that, found you concealed in Isabella's chamber.

D. *Ferd*. Hah! Can I have patience to hear more?

[*Aside*.

D. *Lewis*. If I in this shall new confession add to what I spoke before, you cannot think it is from the effect of fear. If I have been your rival, then my love did wrong your sister, rather than injure you, because I did not know Don John: and honour now does join with truth to make me call on heaven to assist me when I Isabella vindicate; who with disdain refused all love, but what her father should prefer.

D. *Ferd*. That is some motive for my patience.

[*Aside*.

D. *Lewis*. I further must declare that Bettris, to promote the address I made for marriage, did, unknown to her lady, hide me then in the balcony, and after that concealed me in her lady's chamber; for which she was in hazard of her service.

D. *Ferd*. I remember my daughter would have dismissed her from her service; which gives my patience another comfort.

[*Aside*.

D. *John*. All my disease of jealousy ends here, and I'll continue to be a civil enemy, for I will thank you for my cure.

D. *Ferd*. Don John, the next demand belongs to me. Why did you make your visit here in a disguise?

D. *John*.



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*D. John.* Sir, it is fit you should be satisfied. I changed my habit when I saw him escape from the balcony, supposing in another shape, my jealousy might sooner be informed.

*D. Ferd.* You came then to my house, not as a lover, but a spy; and with a stratagem, coarse and below my dignity, advanced your man to woo my daughter. Prepare yourself for my revenge——

*D. John.* Don Ferdinand, you never can so much provoke me, as to raise my anger against the father of the mistress whom I love.

*D. Ferd.* You loved with too much insolence, and doubtfully, when you designed your man to court her in your shape.

*D. John.* I may, without dishonour, crave for that your pardon: you who are learned in chivalry, and read in ancient histories, must know that my disguise is not the first that love has worn. But I conjure you, by my father's friendship, to forgive the foolish arts of jealousy.

*D. Ferd.* Well, for his sake, I am appeased, and bury your offence; but it is on this condition that I may now restrain your combat, till I treat with each for both.

*D. John.* To this I yield.

*D. Lewis.* To shew that you have taught me temper, I consent by your example.

*D. Ferd.* You, by your sword, Don John, have leisure to receive such satisfaction as your honour does require, for all my nephew's broken faith, which now affects your sister; for he can never bring her back to her fair fame unless he marry her; and I presume I need not now persuade what justice, honour, and religion does enjoin.

*D. Lewis.* I am doubly prepared. [*To Don John.*]

*D. John.* The season now is fit to tell, why I have here made some delay of my revenge. My brother is alive.

*D. Lewis,*

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D. *Lewis*. Alive! Heaven is propitious in this wonder!

D. *John*. Much blood my brother lost by that unlucky wound you gave him, which some hours deprived him of the chiefest signs of life; but, being to a surgeon's house removed, he was by his great art, in a few days, made hopeful of his cure. I concealed the good success even from my servants, and in Madrid gave out that he was dead.

D. *Lewis*. What could you mean by making that report?

D. *John*. I thought that the rumour of his death would make it harder for you to escape the rigorous law; so that I might one day force you to redress my sister's wrongs, who then forsook my father's house in your pursuit.

D. *Ferd*. My dear Don John, since you perceive your brother only wounded by mistake, and that wound cured; Don Lewis and your sister ready to be joined; and I prepared to make my Isabella yours; let me behold a knot of friendship tied between two enemies. Come both, and cheerfully embrace.

D. *John*. Don Lewis, all offences past shall vanish, like the dreams of infancy.

D. *Lewis*. And this embrace be that of friends and brothers! [Don John and Don Lewis embrace.]

*Jod*. Peace is proclaimed. Huzza!

*Enter Isabella, Lucilla, and Bettris.*

D. *Ferd*. And here come the wenches, who, by all the rules of love and honour, are permitted to be principal performers in the last act of our comedy. Come, Isabella, you shall now, and with your own consent, be given to Don John.

*Isab*. With my consent! Are there such miracles?

D. *Ferd*. Behold the true Don John.

*Isab.*



*Ifab.* Though I'm not worthy of your favour, Sir,  
Yet use me not with scorn. [To Ferdinand.

*D. Ferd.* You may perceive my joy, and cannot  
think it counterfeit.

You shall know more before I lead you to the priest.

*Ifab.* This is a miracle which I am willing to believe.

*D. Ferd.* Give me your hand, which must be mine  
no more, for it is now your nuptial pledge.

*D. John.* Give me your pardon, Madam, e're I  
take your hand ;

Pardon the cause for which I did assume  
My servant's shape ; but I am now the true Don John.

*Ifab.* Prophetic love taught me to believe it e're  
you said it.

*D. John.* Come, sister, you shall weep no more ;  
Don Lewis is your best physician, and can cure your  
grief : he is my present to you ; take him, and forgive him.

*D. Lewis.* Can you forgive me, Madam ? The  
priest will do it when he joins our hands.

*Luc.* He is ordain'd to be th'example still of what  
we are to do ; and I shall quickly follow it.

*D. Ferd.* Bettris, I will not chide you now ; this  
day permits no anger—Look about you.

*Jod.* Her ogles dart this way ; she has a month's  
mind to Don John's hand too.

*Bett.* Troth you must wash it first : for when your  
gloves were off I still suspected that you were no more  
than an uncertain Don, called Jodelet.

*D. Lewis.* Don Jodelet, I have a small mark of  
your favour, which I wear on my right-hand ; but I  
intend not to requite it till you are Don John again.

*Jod.* Sir, you may defer your requital as long as  
you please ; you know I am one of those who scorn  
to be too hasty in calling for satisfaction, when men  
are any thing willing to give it.

K

*D. Ferd.*

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D. *Ferd.* The clouds which hover'd o'er my roof  
to day  
Are all dispell'd. Make me your guide. I'll lead  
You first to church, and then prepare for feasts.

*Jod.* Pray stay a-while ; for matters may not pass  
So smoothly as you think. Madam, you have  
Of mine a little picture, which you please  
To pin upon the curtain of your bed :  
You keep the picture, and are yet content  
To lose th'original. That's fine i'faith,  
Sweet lady, humph ! but 'twill not do : you must  
restore ;

Bettris may be jealous else :  
For since my Master is the Man for you,  
I'll pay my best respects where most they're due.

[*Exeunt omnes:*



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